NEW YORK HERALD, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1871.-TRIPLE SHEET.

# THE PAINTER'S PARADISE.

Royal London Academy Exhibition.

Annual Opening and Dinner Attended by the Artists and the Aristocracy.

CONCESSION TO THE CRITICS.

ROAMING AMONG THE PICTURES.

Flowers and Foliage, Flashes of Fancy, Facts and Fiction Fighting for Supremacy on the Canvas.

Autumn Gold and Winter's Silver Snow-Scenes Gleaming Bright, Gaudily Superb and Gloomity Grand.

Lovely Ladies of the Past and Present-Heroes and Heroines as They Lived and Died-Queen Cleopatra Coquetting With Mark Antony-Hersules Wrestling With Death-The Queen of Scots Walking to the Block-Bluff King Hal Caressing Prince Edward-Rouge et Noir-Reading the Hand of Baby Fritz-Old Oak and Old Mortality.

LONDON, April 26, 1871. My art-loving American readers will have a privilege this year. They can turn with me, unseen and invisible, from the rear of Piccadilly, through a long corridor, and enter the jealously guarded doors of the Royal Academy galleries, as yet strictly tabooed to the public. It is Wednesday, April 27: the doors of the Royal Academy, Burlington House, Picca-dily, are only open to-day for carpenters and critics. Even royalty, in the person of the Prince of Wales, cannot enter till to-morrow. Then on Friday will come the private view, when all the etite of London-political, fashionable, literary and artisticwill throng these stately galleries, and on Saturday-highest of all high days for the Royal Academy and nucleus of who can say how much of its power and, more important still, its prestigethe annual dinner, founded, with such far-se prescience and profound appreciation of the British public, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first president, rather more than a century ago; for this is the 103d

THE ATTENDANCE AT THE ANNUAL DINNER. At this dinner the cream of the cream of the Lon-don-nay, the English-world, in the shape of the neads of its Legislature and learned bodies, its diplomacy, its great patrons of art and a very select sample of its literary notabilities, are entertained by the Royal Academy in the statellest of their ten nobly proportioned galleries, to gossip, first, over the pictures, then to dine and speak, and hear as much as they can of the speeches accompanying some of the most richly buttered toasts ever served round, even in this, the special home and stronghold of that eminently English luxury.

PAST AND PRESENT SITUATION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Royal Academy, after successive migrations from its first very humble quarters near the site of the present Carlton Terrace (1765), to grander apartments to Somerset House (1771), thence to the National Gallery in Trafalgar square (1837), settled finally in its present well-appointed quarters in 1869. For the benefit of those who do not know these galleries I should say that they occupy a site in the rear of old Burlington House, not far to the east of St. James street, on the opposite side of the way. They form a large oblong block, entered by the centre of the south side. Facing which again opens into a sculpture gallery. Then three rooms fill the centre of the block from south to north and form a dividing space between sets, east and west of five galleries each—each two to the north and south occupying the same space as a larger gallery which forms the centre. The numbering is from one-the smaller gallery on the west of the vestibule-and so on round to ten. the last gallery on the east of the vestibule. A CONCESSION TO THE CRITICS.

This is the first example in the memory of the oldest academician of such a concession as is implied in this grant of a private day-a real private day-to the critics. It has been asked for these many years past. My readers will readily conceive difficulty of giving anything like a fair notice of even the most general impres-sion made by the pictures amid the distractions of Friday's private view; for a critic, jostling crowds of acquaintances, distracted by the presence of celebrities and neauties, awed by intellectual brows or dazzled by bewitching facesand still more bewitching tollets no wonder we prayed for a day to ourselves. The wonder is that the Academy granted it. "E pur si muore," said Gallico. The fatth of many of the critics that the Academy was immovable was as profound as that of his inquisition that the world was fixed. But we had more than one Galileo. They were right-the Academy does move after all.

Only one condition was affixed to the critics cards-no article must appear till after the private view on Friday. No doubt this will be religiously observed. There was no index of names and numbers to the proof-catalogues distributed yesterday, so my best plan will be to take my readers with me and ask them to halt with me for description, with a comment. We will not now linger over the sculpture in the vestibule, but will pass at once into gallery No. 1, at the westernmost block.

THE PICTURES—"CHILL OCTOBER."
Our first pause shall be at "Chill October." We have begun, oddly enough, at the top of the exhibition, for artistic opinion will probabl agree in classing this as the masterpiece of the year. The picture has a peculiar interest as J. E. Millars' first landscape proper. He has always put finished and often admirable landscape work into his backgrounds. But till now he has painted no landscape independent of the interest of a human action or passion. Here he leaves this steely-expanse of rainswolien backwater of the Tay, this island with its wood of dark alders and willows, slowly waving against the chill, gray sky to the sough of the autumn wind; this foreground of purple-flowered sedges and marsh grasses, through which we see gleams of white water here and there, as it runs down to the willows and greener growths that fringe the very margin of the stream, which is carrying down, brimful (from these blue bills that rise on the horizon) bearing on its surface, here and there, evidence of spore higher up, in knobs of floating sedge, and tangle of rent of willow branches matted with ooze and bent. I said this was a picture independent of human passion; that it does what all good landscapes should do. It carries its human interest and feeling in the book of nature it reflects. The chill, sad, sorrow-laden mood of the place and time struck the minor key note in the painter's gamut, and here we have the sad music, speaking sadness. No better text can be found for illustrating the true secret of landscape

ANOTHER LANDSCAPE-"AUTUMN GOLD." Turn around and exactly opposite hangs another only landscape painter who has been elected, co nomine, into the Academy for some thirty years. "Autumn Gold"—ripe cornfields lying at the foot of the heatnery and wooded chalk hills that stand out into the fertile plain of the Surrey weald, like a line of sea cliffs as they once were; but now it is a sea of golden grain that tosses against their bastions. But his picture, clever as it is, does not speak to us of the joy of autumn, as Millars', of its sagness. Its

subject is rich and fair. The painter won his repfi-tation by such subjects, having made a specialte of Surrey harvest fields.

OTHER PICTURES-"PEACE," BY ARMITAGE "How She Was Delayed" (18) is one of the pleas-ant little Irish stories Erstane Nicoli, A. R. A., tells so humorously—a black-eyed, broadly smiling bright-kerchiefed Irishlass, who might, indeed, be prettier, on her way home from market-held in pleasant hold by her "boy," who, playing with his razged blue necktie, he states for words to pop the question that is setting his cheeks aglow and bringing down his eyes in genuine Irish bashfulness. "Peace" (20) by E. Armitage, A. R. A., showing a battlefield of 1870 in the Beance, perhaps, or the Bourbonnais, twenty years hence. What stops the ploughshare so often? Dented culrass, or unburst shell, or broken helmet. The red oxen are deft to rest awhile from the goad. The bloused peasants gather from their hoeing to look on at this rusty crop of war's sowing. The little child, who sleeps on the potato sack in the foreground, has been turning the spike of a Prussian pickel-haule and a lot of Chassepot bul-lets into toys, ranging the little blue cones in a circle round the gay looking brass spike, And Virgu's lines come as fresh and pat, to these buried war relies as they did to those of the civil war fought out between Augustus and Anthony. Letticet et tempus ventet, cum finibus illis agricota incurvo terram molitus aratro xesa inventet scabrà rub que fila; aut granbus, rstri galeos, pulsabit inaves. From war's relics to war's heroes. The painting bears evidence of the severity of perhaps the formality of French training. Armitage was a pupil of Delaroche, and was, indeed, one of the three pupils selected by the master to work under his direction on the great wall cycle at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Faubourg of the Henri
READING BABY FRITZ'S HAND.
Mrs. Ward, wife of the academician, and who

should herself be an a-sociate, if the Royal who included Angelica Kaufman and Mary Moser in their first list, has painted the reading of baby Fritz's hand by a Spiritualist Swedish lieutenant, taken prisoner at Straisund in 1715, who saw in the fat little palm the roll of conquests, vicissitudes, rewards of craft and courage, extensions the history of the Great Frederick. Mrs. Ward has well conceived the lean, sailow, abstracted mystics in the long skirted blue coat, leather breeches and heavy boots and buff belts, we have learnt from the stage to identify as the uniform of Charles XII. of royal mamma of the fat little royal babe, is true to history, and made interesting, for all her superfluity of flesh. The most ill-natured thing that can be said of Mrs. Ward is that you cannot distinguish her paintings from her husband's. I do not say so, for I can distinguish them. But he taught her to paint, and she naturally shows the influence of her master. Whether women should have a master is a problem Young America must be left to settle for Old Eng-

"OLD MORTALITY"-A SPANISH CONCLAVE. Eyre Crowe, a brother of the latest and best historian (with Cavalcoselle) of Italian painting another pupil of Delaroche (whose London studio has been shared since the war by his more famous friend and fellow pupil, Gérôme, has painted Sir Walter's "Old Mortality" in broad blue bonnet, hodden gray coat and ribbed hose, deepening the inscription as the tombstone of one or the Galloway martyrs for the Covenant. The painting is accurate and thorough, if rather hard and dry. The effect of Delaroche's sound teaching is to be seen in it. If you want to be warned of the dangers of rash experimentalism let Mr. E. Long-one of the increasing kind of English painters who have sought subject matter in Spanish life, allured by its picturesqueness and led by the brilliant successes won with Spanish subjects by the late John Phillip teach us in this large and clever composition of a grave conclave of Spanish divines and doctors, with Cardinal Pacheto at their head, who in 1627, wishing to satisfy themselves as to the case of a certain pretty Preciosa-a gypsy belle of the Trianiacharged with devillsh whichcraft in turning worshipful men's heads by her dancing, had her to dance before them, and were then and there themselves bewitched, so that they not only let off the sorceress, but fell themselves under her spell. There is capital conception in the heads of the divines, particularly that of the pale, ascetic Cardinal, struggling against the unhallowed Titania grace that is footing and flashing before him—another Vivien to a weaker Merlin. If any disparaging criticism suggests itself it is that the gypsy girl shows scarce sufficiently diabolical powers of fascination. She is rather tame and grasses for his

shows scarce suniciently diagonical powers of fascination. She is rather tame and passes for his work.

The inevitable "Queer of Scots been painted? How often has Mary Queen of Scots been painted? How often has Mary Queen of Scots been painted? How often has Mary Queen of Scots been painted? How often has Mary Queen of Scots been painted? How often has Mary Queen of Scots been painted? How often has Mary Queen of Scots been painted? How often has been painted to supply a subject for the painter? Mr. L. S. Pott—the clever young pupil of a clever young master, Marcus Stone—has spainted her here (58) going down the principal staircase of Fotheringsy Castle, on her way to the great had in which the scaffold was set up, with rigidly composed face, but tearful eyes, an opening in her black veivet farthingale just revealing the red undergarment in which, as we learn from Froude's impressive description of the execution, she presented herself on the scaffold. She leans lightly on the arm of the officer of the guard, whose lace is wrought upon by sympathy—as what man's was not that came under her spell? Beaind, all in black, with grave, sad faces, are the earls who judged, and, all in tears, the Maries, who loved her and attended her to the end. It is a very clever and carefully painted picture, naturally snowling the influence of Marcus Stone in its manner and color, but by far the best work yet exhibited by its young and rising painter. With a passing glance at Heywood Hardy's woll-conceived, well-drawn and picisantly-colored "Barmaby Rudge," in his fantastic finery of rags and tatters, with a knot of sympathetic dogs at his feet and his raven, Grip, perched on the hand he tosses high into the air—the completest work as yet exhibited by one of our most rising young animal palmers—and G. A. Story's group of rosy-cheeked palmers—and gils gathering rosy-cheeked apples—a very pretty way of painting a family of praty sisters from four to sixteen.

T. F. WATTS' PORTRAIT OF A LOVELY LADY.

exhibited by one of our most rising young animal painners—and G. A. Story's group of rosy-cheeked girls gathering rosy-cheeked apples—a very presty way of painting a family of praty sisters from four to sixteen.

T. P. Warts' Portrait of A Lovely Lady.

We will pass into Gallery No. 2. Close to the door hangs one of the loveliest portraits of the year, Lady Isabelia Somers Cocks, the fair daugnier of a fairer mother—for Lady Easthor is one of the beauties of Loudon who best deserves her reputation—by T. P. Watts, R. A., the most thoughtful, refined and intellectual of our academicians, whose power in his art is unhapply limited and sometimes immared by feeble leading, but win at his best stands at the head of English portrait pathers for intenuon and true idealizing power—by which I mean the power of interpreting his sitter by the best light certified from the painter's conception of his character and of the features that express it. We shall see him at his best in his admirable heads in No. 2 gallery of Miliars and Leighton, his friends and associates, not only his highest academic rank, but in all enforts to stimulate the Academy in all its efforts to raise the arts by ample and sound teaching. These portraits are two or a series which Nr. Watte proposed that he and his friends should paint of each other, for the purpose of bequeating them to the Academy, A liberal and apanter-like idea, worthy of the man that conceived it. He could not have begun the work better than by these heads of Miliars and Leighton, &c., periectly expressing the marked contrast between the fashing, flery, practical and intensely vivactous nature of the former, and the more dreamy, delicate and somewhat epicurean, but stongularly inceptive and cultivated intelligence of the laster. Mr. Watts portraits, such as those he has panied of ronnyson and Browning, with the lew Miliars has patiented—in particular that of John Fowler, C. E., the famous engineer of the undorground metropolitan railway—can hold their own with the portraits of any t

glimmering haze of Thames' side—moon light, but not the despairing agony of her look—the painter has lost this by tarning down the eyes instead of giving the wife gaze above and ground, which seems to take in all the past and future, to which the poem points. Walker would have embodied this saddest of all subjects as no other English painter could. But the better it is readered the more nearly rending it must be. Let us pass from it to the shelter, with the shepherd's, under Mr. Anthony's GRAND OLD OAK (IDI), the finest recent picture of the artist, a disappointed though true genius, whose stars have turned out adversely, till I thought he had lost the power which this picture, I rejone to see, reveals. It is a singularity fine study and well-dosigned picture of one of those securar oaks, which still stand in some of our forests and parks, dating from Saxon times, and often preserving the title deeds of their antiquity in some Saxon name or addition, as the "Conqueror's Oak," "Harold's Oak," he "Gospel Oak," or the "Crouch Oak," in which a cross had been set up, to legitimatize by a Cristian symbol a worship originating in Drudoic faith and rites. All these names I nave known attached to oaks, some of which, there is reason to think, may have numbered their thousand years. Such an oak Mr. Anthony has here painted, appropriately set against a thundrous sky, with a single lurid gleam on the horizon to relieve its gloom.

GEORGE LESLIE'S FEMININE BEAUTIES.

From darkness to brightness is but a step, happily at least, in a picture exhibition. Close to this snattered giant skeleton of Mr. Anthony's oak tree, on the limestone ledges of a stream, brightly fringed with fresh spring green, sits (103), in pure white, only set off by a necklace of gold and some delicate golden embrondery, the lovely Nauscao, daughter of King Alcinous, with her mandens—artiess, lovely, in fair attire of classic cut and ornament—resting by the river's side, after dinner, before their bail-play, while the clothes they have been washing dry in the sum. George Leslie, son of a more famous father, whom the United States may be proud to claim as a son, has early attained associateship of the Academy and public favor by his grit of depicting feminine grace and beauty—the surest of all roads to popularity in art. He has hitherto showed an extensive predilection for English beauty, and the costume of the latter nall of last century— GEORGE LESLIE'S FEMININE BEAUTIES.

And when the patch was worn.

He has painted Clarissas and Pameias, Polly Peachums and Olivias and Sophias and the other heroines of gay Richardson, Fleiding, Goldsmith and Smollett, and has known how to make all their quaint fashions occoming by virtue of the healthy, houses grace and sweetness of the faces and figures under them. This is his first essay at the classical, and he has been as successful with peplum and chiton as with boddice and manutus. What matters it if his Greek girls are just as English, as his Phoacian river marge is studied from the wharf at Bolton? His women are as charming as the costumes are graceful, and the landscape true to the nature it represents. The key of color is tender, with all the lines approximating to their neutral keys—blues and greens—yellows and browns and reds used to produce delicate rather than brilliant harmonies.

Marge Stone Markett Stone

Marcus Stone, the sent of the art Prank Stone, A. R. A., a far more highly cultivated painter than his lather, has painted (104) in the royal nursery, 1638, another of those seenes from Tudor times and reigns which he has succeeded in several times aiready. This year it is bluff king Hai caresang little Frince Edward and bringing him a gaudily little Elizabeth, in her plain brown frock, ungifted and uncaressed, turns a wistful eye on her happier half-prother and unloving father. Mr. Stone is a very thorough, caretui and skilful painter, and neglecus no part of his work, But, as may be intered from his choice of subjects, he is not urged genius or irresistible creative faculty, which makes forms of its own as necessarily as it intrashes freely the life to vivity them.

Notice or passant this picture (703) by J. C. Schetky of the rescue of the crew of a French man-of war in a gaic on the Spanish coast by Captain Leo Charles Paget in the early morn, during the great war with Joshua. He is minety-three years of age, and may often have seen George the Third and Queen Charlotte Open the Academy exhibition; but his hand has not yet lost its cunning. There is a clever water-color drawing by him in this exhibition as well as this meritorious picture.

We pause longer before D. W. Wyndield's impressive "beath of Buckingham" (114), the fir.t duke, assassinated by Felton, in 1623. The body is lying all alone, shin and stark, on the table on which it was hashly laid when the inn room was empired by the rush find the yard stier the assassin, free ringht gear, rushes out on the view to the broad landing at the top of the short flight of starrs, followed by her visite. The picture has a grim impressive "beat in the product of the short flight of starrs, followed by her visite. The picture has a grim impressive most about it, and is simply and solidy painted, work in manner as it subject, but will be a complete the product of the short flight of starrs, followed by her side.

Her formed the product of the short flight of starrs

Academiceans, a rank only created some two years ago.

GEROME'S "A VENDRE."

His other picture here (1,150) in the lecture room, "A Vendre," represents two shave girs, a Nubian and an Arab, for sale in the Catro shave mark. The Nubian is crouched on the ground, the dusky soles of her dark feet visible, a rude necklace of shelish about her neck and a scanty white robe revealing and enhancing the rounded graces of her bronze-like bosom and limbs. One scarlet pointegranate flower glows among the short, crisp tresses of her close-curied hair. By her side the other girl stands creet, with no garment to cover her olive-brown body, but the cloud of her long, dark hair, from under which she looks up slyly and sadly, with an expression very different from the stolid insensibility of her darker companion. Except a pracelet of sliver, set with precious stones, round one slender ankle, she wears no ornaments. On the edge of the niche above the Nubian's head is perched a splendid blue and yellow ara; his back to the spectator. Beside hangs a yataghan and girdle of beads, and a large opalescent bivaive shell. Close to the side of the Nubian owners a greenish-colored monkey, whether an ancestor, d a Darwin, expressing sympathy, or a poor relation venturing to claim consanguinty with a human cousin in reduced circumstances, is left to the spectator to decide. I remember no better piece of painting from Gerôme's hand. That the subject is painting from

position among his contemporaries the more remarkable.

H. S. MARK'S "BOOKWORM"

(149), painted for the library of Crewe Hall, is an excellent piece of careful, thorough work. An anexcellent piece of careful, thorough work, and learned rubbish—chemical, mineralogical and zoological—so abstracted in the volume he holds that he has quite forgot the luncheon of fruit and wine which can hardly find a place among the motley encumbrances of the table—bright toncanillies are set up; the skeleton of a curassou, shells, books and bottles filled with grisly-looking beetles, snakes and lizards; there are books everywhere, of all sizes and eggrees of dispidation in their binding; a big globe in one corner; stones and bones under the isble; preparations on the mantel-shel; cases of butterflies on the walls, and a glimpse through the window of green trees and bright sky, which have no temptation for this stirrer of the dry bones of life. And out of all this chaos of form and cofor the painter has educed a pieasant harmony to the eye, and much amusing matter for the mind.

"FRACTIOUS," By TANPAED, R. A., is a testy child soothed by its mother's caresses. A

simple study of Lowiand Scotch peasant Me, with all the painter's effectiveness of color, but nothing of the more pathetic character he often aims at "TLB THORN," BY J. C. HOOK, R. A...

is a common scene of Surrey country life, somewhere about Godalming, probably. A river and bridge and here of sheep, with a snepherd lad taking at thorn from his colly's paw, and a child looking curiously on. It illustrates, like all Hook's pictures here, which are sure to be among the most popular works in the exhibition, the power of a manly, honest, artist-like representation of simple rustic truth and fact, to charm the public which would care little or nothing for all this is real life, but delights in the painter's reflection of it. Hook was wise enough to recognize this truth many years ago, after some years' practice as a painter of costume pictures, and has ever since wrongnt this vein of real rustic life; now among the fishers of North Devon, then among the miners of Cornwall, or in the Souliy Isles, among their primitive inhabitants and their visitors from the sea; again in the North, among the Broton sardine fishers and curers; or, last year, among the borders and canals of Holland; this year on the Norwegian flords, with the hasty haymakers and fair-haired giris, and stout, salmon, red-waistooked trappers. His work smacks of the fields and the sea, and has the breath and pulse of nature in it, and is universally popular.

Not far from his fresh, wholesome bit of Surrey hangs its antipodes, "The Rouge and Noir Room at Hombourg," painted, with marvellous patience and detail, heads and dresses, by W. P. Frith R. A., the painter of "The Perby Day" and "The Railway Station" and "Ramsgate Sands," and who has here added another to his gailery gatherings of the time and done justice to one of the ghastilest, most crowded booths in "Vanity Fair." It would take the space of this article to describe this picture in detail; but all who have been at Hombourg will recognize the types, from the weary trappectur du feu and bland c

BRAZEN-FACED SISTERS OF THE DEMI-MONDE, looking for pigeous or flaunting the fine feathers they have plucked them of; and red-faced English pater familias and his comely matron, with their chickens under their sheltering wing, gazing indignant or agnast; and the virtuously indignant young anglican clergyman—the Evelyn of the scene—looking sad but unuterable reprobation of the horror before him, but whom I should be sorry to leave an hoar in the room unwatened for all that; and the bandsome, pale woman, in gray silk and black velvet, who is leaving her chair, cleaned out; and the bandsome brunette, in double skirt and tunic, who is og graciously accepting an advance from the langual young swell, who is too happy to put his purse at her disposal—in short, here is in little the Woode world of the green table—

Votures timor, ira, voluptas, BRAZEN-FACED SISTERS OF THE DEMI-MONDE,

Votures timor, ira, voluptas, Gaudia, discussus—

painted with unmistakable force and fidelity, al-though in parts a little too china-like in the faces, and with the initiative realism of the dresses carried so far as to make any defect in the face painting

so far as to make any derect in the face painting more apparent

The tault of the picture is the fault that belongs to all such subjects—excess of material and unnatural compressing into one scene incidents and emotions that, if they could be seen in such a place at all, would be scattered over many seasons. That there is too much visible expression in these faces, that the characters betray, instead of concealing, what they are and feel, is a vice inherent in such a subject. But Hogarth has survived such objections. His "Election Series" and his "March to Finchley," and his "Striking Actresses" are just as crowded with incident and episode. Quantity can be pardoned in virtue of quality. Now, Mr. Frith is no ifto garth; but he is about the best imitation we have, and he has, at least, the courage to measure himself against resities, and will leave valuable pictures of the life of our times benind him.

LENORR.

(A. Elenore, R. A.,) is all Edgar Poe's heroine; but Burger's "Scott" wandered strangely wide of his original when he made the spectre rider spiash across a sea that nowhere flowed in Burger's German; and Mr. Elenore, who, to judge by the catalogue, founds his picture on Scott's version, has introduced a whole crowd of nixles and pixues and other supernaturals, nude and draped, who hang about the naturals, nude and draped, who hang about the ghostly horse and clutch at the terrified maiden and otherwise make themselves disagreeable. (all this there is hardly a trace in Burger; but makes good material for a clever painter, who has fancy to paint nude forms under moonlight; an this seems to have inspired Mr. Elenore's composi-tion.

fancy to paint nude forms under moonlight; and this seems to have imspired. Mr. Elenore's composition.

Millars' portrait of George Grote, the historian of Greece, in his robes as vice Chanceflor of the University of London, is one of those portraits which belong to history, and is true to the life, as all this painter's portraits are. He must paint what is before him, and so far as idealization implies disguise or fattery, hillars is incapable of it. He does not impart so thoughtful an air to his sitters, perhaps, as the more thoughtful and less vivacious Watts; but he gives his sitters the benefit of an interpretation inspired by his own life, vigor and manhood. P. H. Calderon, R. A., chief of the St. John's Wood School, above mentioned, who, a few years since, painted his "Most High, Noble and Pulssant Grace"—a child Grand Duchess of Hainault or Burgundy, with her train of potent, grave and reverend seignors, has, this year, under the title "ON HER WAY TO THE THRONE,"

given us a Screne German Royal Highness, a Grand Duchess of Geroistein, in all but her levities, in powder and patches and upper robe and trainj of rose, over while satin, on her way to the Throne Room, with a bevy of court beaunes at her heeis. As the long-coated lackeys draw asunder the heavy curtains that give access to the Throne Room the pretty watting mades settle the final folds of train

curtains that give access to the Throne Room tage pretty waiting maids soitle the final folds of train and skirt, and the enthusiastic court barber snatches the opportunity of administering a last touch of the curing tours to a tress that has strayed at little too much au mathret—a very fair satire on courts and their fashions, which has the advantage of being what satire is not always—pleasant to contemplate. But, atter alt, how poorly such stift and built-up elogance shows by the side of real grace—such grace as charms and touches at once in these—"LITTLE BLACKEERRY OATHERERS,"

of Mason's (168), as they blacken their pretty little fingers and stan their rosy lips among the brambles that tangle the furze and bracken of the steep, wooded hill up which they make their way. G. Mason, A. H. A., has wouln his honors by an art of true and tender dyllic suggestiveness rather than showly, technical achievement or effectiveness. It is to the bonor of the Academy and of English taste that his genuinely poetical quality was so soon and so fully recognized. His pictures seem to shrink from observation rather than to court it. But once find them out, and their charm grows and deepens. Uniuckity, his health is uncertain, so that a large picture which he had hoped to finish for the exhibition must stand over, and he sends only the shillion must stand over, and he sends only the shillion must stand over, and he sends only the shillion must stand over, and he sends only the shillion must stand over, and he sends only the shillion must stand over, and he sends only the shillion his grown has been fally which he is well read, even to minuteness, has painted the touching incidents which accompanied poor Anne Boleya's arrival at the Tower, when, asking the lieuenant (kingston) if she was to be committed to a cell, and being answered "No, but to the apartment which your Grace occupied on the day of your coronation"-sustings by the memories so harshiy and strangely recalled, she bursts into tears and fings herself on the steps with

Hancy of the colors and the grace of the composition.

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS ONCE MORE.

J. C. Horsier, R. A., has another of the Marys of
the year. This time it is the Scottish Queen innocently feeding the Hardwick sparrows at her barred
window, as seen and suspicious "Building Bess,"
the Countess of Snrewsbury, her jailer for sixteen
years, enters the room, with her "sair held doon"
husband, of whom Bess is said to have been jealous
with Mary. We must hurry on, past Richardson's
"Hundred Years Ago," a fair-haired young lady in
an empty gailery contemplating lamily portraits,
and Herbert's fair Cartadena (200) contemplating a
rose, and telling hersel, in the sweet words of 'fa
Vida es Sneno," that its beauty is not more fleeting
than her own, and C. W. Cope's (another of our few
historical painters who have found employment on
the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament, pompous
Dr. Mead conferring with close-fisted Mr. Grey,
the Lombard street bookseller, about the plan of the
noble hospital, to which he devoted his savings:
to Aona Tadema's wonderfully clever and powerful
painting of

painting of THE COWARD CLAUDIUS, discovered by one of the Pratorians, wrapped in a curtain, in the palace, after the murger by the guards of Califylla and her houseword. The face of

Claudius, agonized with terror, has some ignoble grotesqueness of a comic mask torian greets him with a bow of mo corpuses encumber the templated

Claudius, agonized with terror, has something of the ignoble grotesqueness of a comic mask. The Pretorian greets him with a bow of mock respect; corpaes encumber the tesselated pavement, and on the white pedestais are the marks of bloody hands that have vainly sought support from the marble; slaves and plunderers and guards, crowded about the doorway, hail the discovery of the concealed coward, whom the Fretorians will soon lead forth as "Imperator." The picture is a lesson to our English painters for the completeness of its finish and its consummate deatrefity in representation of texture and surface. This is, indeed, carried so far that it is doubtful whether it be not carried to the point at which it impairs the effect of everything that cannot be so accurately painted, faces first and foremost. Certainly these are the least satisfactory parts of Mr. Talema's wondorfully clever work. Touching the painter's name I may say en passant that it is fristan. The termination "man" is common in that dislect. Halbertma, for instance, is well known as the author of a valuable work on the very close relation of the Frisian tengue to the English. Tadema is angiher of the many artist exiles from Paris forced to London by the war. He has settled here, and is about to marry among us. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. This is meant for English art, not for M. Abna Tadema.

HERCULES WRESTLING WITH DEATH.

Not far from his "Clandues" hangs the bicture by Mr. Leighton, "Hercules Wrestling with Death for the Possession of Alcestes," which has a right to share the highest honor of this exhibition, with Millars' Moses for aims and ambition beyond question, and as of Church for achievement also. Everybody knows the outline of the story, whether or not the hag rese above Lamplere so far as the play of Euripides, or owes his knowledge to William Morris, in whose Earthly Paradise the sacrifice of Alcestes is the theme of one of the slots, the the his place. Pheres, his old father, whom he at once applies to, distincily decline

### FOREIGN MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

It is stated that the Café Grétry, on the Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, has received orders to close, as it is frequented by mea of the Bourse, who talk too freely of the disastrous financial effects of the revolution.

revolution.

According to the International, the Swiss Legation in London has nounded all swiss residents belonging to the first ban'of the reserves to hold themselves in readiness for immediate departure, as soon as required, to reinforce the contingents of the active army, the whole of which is under arms. The cause given for this sudden mobilization of the Federal Landweir is that the Berlin Cabinet have claimed openly the possession of the German-speaking cantons of Switzerland.

A decree of the Commune requisitions all vacant apartments in Paris as lodgings for the inhabitants of the bonbarded quarters.

The town of Verovitica, in Sclavonia, has been almost entirely destroyed by fire; 409 houses were burned, and 4,000 inhabitants reinfered houseless.

Notwithstanding the fracas with the police within

Notwithstanding the fracas with the police within the district of the Worship street Police Court, London, on Monday, the 24th ult., there was not a single charge arising therefrom, nor a single act of disorder reported by the thousands of persons who took part in the procession of the matchmakers,

All wine and liquor shops in Paris have been closed, and the sale of spirits to troops has been prohibited.

Some wealthy ladies of St. Roch support a girls' orphan asymm in that parish. The National Guards entered the asymm at night, made the children arise, stole the cash box, containing 1,800L, and carried off all the linen in the house, stripping even the beds of the orphans.

the beds of the orphans.

A Cadet Guard has just been established in Hungary, on a similar plan to those which have been for some time in existence in Switzeriand and Wurtemberg. The guard consists of boys of eleven years of age and upwards, and admittance to the corps is looked upon as an honorable distinction, as no candidate is accepted who has not attained a certain degree of progress in his studies, besides being of good health and respectable parents.

# A TIGER CAPTURE.

The Secretary of the Americus Cinb on Hunt-A Capital Run-The Tigress Neatly

As the tasteful "Charlie" Hall was standing near Desbrosses street ferry, on Thursday afternoon last, speaking with officer Field, of the Fifth precinct detective force, he saw a fierce-looking little girl, named Maggie Murphy, hiding away behind an immense pile of timber, and he at once surmised that she was trying to evade the unpleasant officer, who, by the way, had a warrant for her in his pocket. Accustomed to the habits of the animal at the Americus hunting grounds, he sald, "Go for her, Dick," and the detective pinned the little creature in a man-ner that left her but a small hope of escape. Charile recognized her as answering to the description of a girl for whom he had filled in a warrant on the 6th of the present mouth, and when the warrant was brought to light Maggie was at once declared a pris-oner. Maggie said she would "go for" Charlie if she lost her bounet in the attempt, but the old tiger sent her off in charge of the officer to answer for her misdemeanors.

sent her off in charge of the officer to answer for her misdemeanors.

On the cith of May Maggie was leaving her business as tobacco cutter, when she met William Lannaghan, of 104 Leonard street, standing in West Broadway, waiting for an uptown car. She stooped to adjust her boot or stocking, and when Lannaghan made some remark to her she drew from her pocket a murderous-looking knife, used in the maanfacture of tobacco, and stabbed him in the shoulder with it, wounding him fearfully. He was sent to the hospital by an officer, and it was not until Thursday that the little tigress could be captured. Thanks to the gallant secretary of the Americus Club, Maggie is now placed beyond the possibility of cutting any one cisq; but should she "go" for the experienced huntor the chances are she will be completely "cubbed." She is held to answer at the Court of special Sessions.

# BILLS SIGNED BY THE COVERNOR.

The following auditional bills have been approved by the Governor, and are now on file in the office

so, the Secretary of State:

800. Relating to the Seventy-ninth regiment.

891. Relating to the Seventy-ninth regiment.

892. Relating to contracts of Ambrose Clark and

William H. Douglas on Eric Canal.

893. Relating to Sixth regiment.

894. Changing name of Curton Springs Water Cura-Company.

Company.

835. Swing bridge across Chemug Canal feeder.

896. Relief of Alexander Barkiv.

897. Incorporating Poughkeepsie Bridge Company.

893. Relief of Gardner Weiles.

899. Relief of N. Stauton Gera.

900. Relief of Joseph Scoville and Lewis H. Eaton.

901. Oakwood Street Raliroad, Onondaga county.

902. Relief of W. T. Denison.

903. Improved towage on canals.

904. Relief of K. Neison Gere and Charles W. Steves.

905. Relief of William H. Dongias.

906. Incorporating Weenawken Transportation.

Company.

907. Relating to savings banks.

908. Relating to savings banks.

908. Relating to George W. Hunt.

909. Glens Falls Water Works Company.

910. Tontine Mutual Savings Bank, New York

oity.

vil. American system cable towage on canals.

vil. Swing bridge over Cayuga Inlet.

vil. Relief of M. B. Birdseye.

vil. Cornwall Savings Bank.

vil. Incorporating the Sixth Ward Savings Bank

of city of Albany.

vil. Supplying the village of Yonkers with pure water.

water.

917. Improving Fourth street, Brooklyn.

918. Amending charter city of Cohoes.

919. Enlarging boundaries of city of Auburn.

920. Relief of National Fiber Company.

921. Drawbridge over Finshing Creek.

# THE DES MOINES (IDWA) RIVER LANDS.

CHICAGO, May 12, 1971. At Des Moines, Iowa, yesterday, in the United States Court, the case of Stricker vs. Miller was dis-posed of. It involved the title to and possession of the so-called Des Moines river lands. Miller was the the so-called Des Moines river lands. Miller was the occupant of some of these lands adjudged to belong to the Des Moines Navigation Company. Last winter he was forcibly ejected by the United States Marshal and his home destroyed. He was brought before the court yesterday and need \$500 for contempt. It was ordered, however, that should he surrender the land within twenty days the fine should be remitted; otherwise he should be imprisoned until payment of the fine. This decision is of great importance, as there are several hundred persons whose chaps are identical with that of Miller's.

### THE CABLE CONTROVERSY.

VERMEANS.

Grave Accusation Against the Atlantic Telegraph Conpany.

To the Editor of the Herald:—
I see that Mr. Field has caused the publication of a part of the correspondence growing out of my efforts to obtain from him Mr. Weaver's letter about our complaints of illegal and dishonest displacement of cable business from its proper order on file. If you shall see fit to use what he has thus furnished, please find herewith some further extracts, which should appear in their proper order if the case is to should appear in the best of the state of th

ASSOCIATED PRESS OFFICE.

H. H. WARD, Esq.:
NAW YORK, April 29, 1871.

H. H. WARD, Esq.:
NAW YORK, April 29, 1871.

H. H. WARD, Esq.:
NAW YORK, April 29, 1871.

H. H. Warer, that the latter has addressed a letter to Mr. Field, of or about March 28, in response to my letter of the 7th of March latt. Will you be good enough to inform me whether you have heard from Mr. Weaver on this subject, and if so furnish me with a copy of so much of it as offers explanation of the facts presented is mine of March 7, tending to show that business and been placed out of its order on file, " When you reflect that we have been endeavoring ever since about the 1st of February last to obtain this explanation, you will not deem us unreasonable if we beg that there may be no further delay in piscing us in possession of Mr. Weaver's statement of the facts.

Yery respectfully,

J. W. SIMONTON, General Agent.

ry respectfully, J. W. SIMONTON, General Agent-Mr. J. W. Simonton, Agent of the Associated Press, and Mr. Cyrus W. Field, one of the directors of the Cable Company, in which the former persistently asks for Mr. Weaver's explanation, which Mr. Fleid, however, as persistently refuses. The following at the most important part of the correspondence:— NEW YORK, May 10, 1871.

Mr. Field having declined to furnish the Weaver letter, and having failed to answer this letter, Mr. Simonton deemed it proper to publish the facts:

OPFICE NEW YORK ASSOCIATED PRESS.

NEW YORK, May 12, 1871.

NEW YORK, May 12, 1871. 
TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Mr. Cyrus W. Field meets our grave accusations of unfatrness and duplicity in cable management by causing the publication of the following:

OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATED PRESS, NEW YORK, Dec. 13, 1870. 
The Hon. WILLIAM OBTON, President, and CYRUS W. FIELD:

The Hon. WILLIAM OBTON, President, and CYRUS W. FIRLD:—
GENTLEMEN—I beg leave respectfully to suggest that if the cable companies would, in the present condution of affairs, give precedence to our three London despatches daily giving opening, progress and closing of European markets, the result would be a great accommodation to the public. At the same time it would assist materially in accomplishing the object in view in doubling the rates—into it, the reduction of business over the cable. An answer is solicited by very respectfully.

Mr. ORTON:—
DRAR SIB:—Will you please refer the enclosed to Mr. Field?

Very truly,
J. W. SIMONTON, General Agent.

Mr. Field is quite welcome to any advantage which

DEAR SIE—Will you pease refer the encourse to he relat?

Field?

J. W. SIMONTON, General Agent.

Mr. Field is quite welcome to any advantage which he can find in publishing the above. The public will see that it contains only a suggestion—made openly, officially and without any attempt at concealment—as to something which would have been a great accommodation to the entire mercantile community. At that time the two Angio-American cables had suddenly ceased working, and the remaining (French) cable was temporarily in such condition that but a small amount of business could be transmitted over it. As a consequence it became so badly blocked that messages frequently were not delivered until two or three days after date. In this block were included our messages giving quotations of European markets, which all the commercial world, as well as Mr. Field, knows we distribute instantly on receipt to every commercial centre in the land.

It was felt that the temptation to unscrupulous speculators offered by this state of affairs was too great for the public interest. If they could procure (as we feared; the holding back of the general reports and the prempt transmission of their own private advices in Illons of dollars might be made by a few parties out of the many who would be vicumized by such rascality. Hence my inquiry as to whether, in this exceptional case, the cable authorities would not feel justified in bringing forward promptly the few words which would place the whole country (in possession of the gânsations

vicumized by such rascality. Hence my inquiry as to whether, iff this exceptional case, the cable authorities would not teel justified in bringing forward promptly the few words which would place the whole country in possession of the quotations constituting a basis of commercial transactions. As both Mr. Orton and Mr. Pield could have known the hour and minute of our receipt of these messages they could have and the means of detecting the flat had they not been instantly diffused everywhere, not for the benefit of the press, but for the information and protection of the commercial public.

My suggestion, thus openly and frankly beferred on good grounds, was meet by Mr. Pield's statement in writing that "all messages must, by law and agreement between the companies, be forwarded in the exact order in which they are received." What is the result? In the face of this positive delaration by Mr. Pield as to the duty of himself and his associate cable managers, at least one commercial despatch was withheld—for what reason Messas. Weaver and Field best know—and a message to a private party was put zeventeen hours ahead of it. So much is proved; so much is admitted. This violation of the law and of commercial honog was committed deliberately and with a purpose, and you rail to give us your formal statement as to what such purpose was.

I submit that those who counselled us to take measures with a view to preventing such practice did not over-estimate the danger. If such a violation of law and disperse who will reap the profit through illegal and dishonst preference, while the obsiness and the money of the great been yot the patrons will be accepted as a means of maintaining the line. We have never taken exception to the deciraration that all messages must be sent in the order of reception: but we compain that while presenting that just law as one the letter of which could not be infracted even when the public interest would be subserved thereby, the cable authorities themselves set it at naught to the advantage of som

# THE OPPENHEIMER-PETERS CASE.

Permit me to correct a wrong impression which is likely to result from the article in your issue of today commenting upon the action by the young Jewess, Oppenheimer, for breach of promise of marriage. The defendant introduced himself to Miss Oppenheimer as Charles Well, and of the Hobrew fath, whereas, in truth, his name is Charles Peters, and he is not of the Hebrew faith. Upon Miss oppenheimer obtaining information of the true state of facts she was, naturally enough, sorrowful at the deceit practised upon her. Peters, prior to this, had seduced her, and to soothe her feelings he promised to conform himself to the Hebrew religion, and he promised to marry her forthwill; but she did not make it a condition precedent to their marriage that he should change his religion. Instead of performing his promises Peters suddenly left his usual abode and absconded, and his whereabouts could not be ascertained by Miss Oppenheimer, and not by the Sheriff for some days after the order for Peters' arrest had been placed in his hands. After the private examination had with the parties, and on reducing the ball from \$1.000 to \$200, Judge McCann said in open court that Miss Oppenheimer was blameiess in her conduct and deserved the pity of alt. She then remsed to marry the prisoner, for the reason, as she stated to the Judge, that in view of the prisoner's past deceit and faithlessness she could not trust in him further, and not because he would not assume her faith. Yours, respectfully. S. D. SEWARD, riage. The defendant introduced himself to Miss

# THE NEWARK SILVER PLATERS.

The Latest Phase of the War in Fort Lip-

The main facts of the fight between the rival board of directors of the Lippiatt Silver Plating Company in Newark have already appeared in the Company in Newark have aiready appeared in the Herald. On Wednesday night last, on warrants issued by Justice Dean at the instigation of Colonel Lewis, some six constables were arrested and held to bail. They were in possession of the works in benaif of the Lippiatt party; hence their arrest, Yesterday they appeared before Justice Dean for a hearing, but Colonel Lewis sont, a telegram from Kew York, saying that he would not return to Newark. It is likely that he will keep his word; for ina-much as yesterday alternoon one of the late arrested constables, Mr. King, had in his possession a warrant for the galant Colonel, charging him with the very grave rune of forgery. Tae Lewis party are no longer to possession of "Fort" Liuulate.